WHEN OUR SHIP COMES IN.

In a cottage that stood on the wild seashore, A little one sat 'neath the vine-wreathed door. Shadowed and sad was that childish face: On the soft, pink cheek shone the tear-drop trace;
For the cherished toy—best loved of all—
The poor little waxen-faced, blue-eyed doll,
Was broken. Smile not at the childish pair
Nor the tears that were dropping like silver;

But the gentle mother, with loving tone, Sald, bending down by the little one And kissing the mouth and dimpled chin: "Don't ery, my love; when our ship comes in, We will get a new dolly, oh, far more fair. With brighter eyes and with softer hair. Now dry your tears, for 't will surely be When our ship comes in from the far, wide sea.

O, that ship to come! and how oft before Had the bright eyes watched from the cottag

door,
As with eager gaze they were watching now.
For the gleaming sail and the rushing prow.
But oft she ran to her mother's side,
Her sweet blue syes with the gladness wide,
As she pictured the wonderful pleasure to be
When our ship came in from the distant sea.

The dearest gift, and the best of all To her dear little heart, was the darling doll. But, oh! there were treasures unknown, unto All safely stowed in its precious hold; And standing thus, with her beaming eyes, The tears all gone, and the childish sighs. She turned the sweet face with its smile. And said: "Have you any ships at sear"

Child! you know not the wild throb of pain Those light words sent through my heart a

brain.
Al: we all have ships on the stormy sen;
Al: we all have ships on the stormy sen;
Ali we are watchers for them are we;
And when the tempest and cloud are ric—
When storms sweep over the sea of life—
With tearful eyes, by the sounding score.
We watch for them; we have watched be or
But of all who, weary and trembling, wait
For the coming ships, with their precifreight,

feeight,
'Tis known, O Father, to none but Thee,
If they safely arrive, or are lost at sea.

THE DANCE OF DEATH

Which Brought Back Life to Beautiful Bride.

Philander Darby entered the readingroom of the club. At the granite threshold power of habit is strong, and for five years it had been his habit to spend from one to three hours daily in the luxurious apartments set apart for the choice spirits com-

posing the club. He had hesitated on this occasion, not be cause he had ever failed in being a welcome accession to the groups of young men usually to be found engaged in the oc cupations of the place, but, without doubt, because of the unusual circumstances envi roning his own personality. For, the fact is, it was the morning of Darby's marriage

That evening the multiform benefaction of the gods to him were to be crowned by the gift of a wife of his own heart's choo Under these circumstances, therefore, it was perhaps natural that the bride groom-elect should have hesitated to brave the attention his presence was sure to call forth in the rooms of the club. Luckily when he entered there were not half a dozen fellows present, and these were in a group at one of the tables, evidently ensed in the discussion of some subject calculated to divide interest with the topic natually suggested by the unconscious self-consciousness of the new arrival.

They were highbred young bloods, those of the Jockey Club. The courtesy of their more pronounced than usual—that was all. Not the lift of an eyelid, as they mad for him, betrayed cognizance of the happy destiny they knew to be imminent for him His best man expectant, Hardin Golden parties at ease.

"We have just been discussing the freak of fate which has victimized poor Darrow," he said, addressing Darby.

"Darrow-what of him?" "Man alive! Have you not heard! Why, the morning papers are full of the shock

"The papers I have neglected to look into I—I have been otherwise engaged," stam-

mered Darby. Hardin nodded.

"I understand. Well, Darrow, poor fel-low, met with an awful death last evening." "It can't be possible! Why, I walked with him on Carleton Terrace as late as told me he was going directly home."

from the terrace where he was tripped by the trailing loop of a telegraph wire. As fate would have it, at the same moment there was a train running at full speed upon the elevated road above; the buffer caught in the wire, and the locomotive rushed on, dragging the coils in which Darrow, poor devil, was being tossed like a shuttlecock. Over and over he was whirled

till the wire broke, and he was dropped into an obscure street, mangled and lifeless." Darby shivered; he made no comment. It was an awful story to have heard on his bridal morning. How might a mortal bribe Fate who rode as in the car of Juggernaut, grinding out the lives of the happy and

The flippancy of Bret Cosby jarred upon

"It strikes me that's about the style death's adopted these latter days," com-mented that young fashionable, breaking the silence. "He's an ill-mannered monster that's not got the politeness of a French daving-master when he pounces upon and waltzes off to destruction with a fellow, as he's done with Darrow."

"Fata viam invenient," muttered Grantley.
"There were Giles, Fleming and Hoyt as-

There was an uncomfortable pause. The tracic deaths which had befallen the quartet of their members in the last eighteen

"The mare that broke Fleming's neck had been landed but a week in the country from think she had crossed continents and seas. spurred off the three hateful hags, so speedily did she accomplish Fleming's doom

"The fate that overtook Tom Giles was not less strange," commented Hardin; "it was a chance in a thousand. To be struck, at a distance of fifty feet, by a pin from a passing locomotive is to me the very 'irony of fate.'"

The attempt at pleasantry evoked but a facilie smile. The subject was one that struck uncomfortably upon the nerves of

Golden shook himself together. "It would be the splitting of a hair to me," he said, cynically, "to make choice between the bolt of iron and the bolt of electricity that killed Hoyt. It was hard for a fellow to be done to death by a charge of lightning when there was not a cloud in the sky."

"Hoyt had been warned not to touch the

battery wires," interposed Hairston. Grantley shrugged his shoulders.

"I believe you had also warned Jack Fleming not to touch that beastly Arabian,

Hardin assented.
"The Fates lead the willing and drag the unwilling," quoted Grantley. "Who was there to warn Giles or Darrow!"
"For the matter of that," flippantly repiled Cosby, "who can warn against the doon that may be lurking in ambush for the drst of us fellows that leave the Mecce-

Rendered restless by the turn the conver-sation had taken, Darby had moved away from the group and was leaving the room. He heard the idle words Cosby had spoken. He went on as though he had not heard. The baize doors awang shut after him.

"After all, it may not be a pitiless doom to which one goes, you see, Cosby," laughed Hardin. What happier destiny could a poor devil of a Mæcenas bachelor find awaiting

ike Carolyn Lomax! "There's many a slip—' quoted Cosby."Fortune has a trick of smiling on Darby, I mow; but she's a fickle beldame at best, and may play him false when he least ex-

ects it."
"I'd take Phil's chances for the prize he to draw from her to-night, at all events," said Hardin. "The floral bell is swinging already in the hall of the Lomax house ready for his wedding chimes. Ha! speaking of the decorations, that reminds me. Sartini the florist, told me he had just received an importation of Italian plants, and I promised Darby I'd call by and tell him to nd up one of those superb moon-flowers for Miss Lomax. Sartini is cortain he has one that will put out its birsso is just about the time of the marriage. Darby thinks that would be a pleasant omen for his

He returned his paper to the file and at once took his leave to attend to the commis-

A few hours later a brilliant company was assembled in the parlor of Hon. Paul Lomax. They had gathered there for the celebration of the marriage of his daughter and heiress to Philander Darby. What fate was there now which might balk the most sacred plans of the bridegroom's life! Still fortune's favorite, he had already received at the altar, consecrated by the high priest Love, her most gracious boon in the con-jugal vows of the woman he adored, and, among her bridal guests, his young wife was moving, the stateliest and loveliest of them all.

In a pause in the dance her eyes frankly met his devouring gaze. He was at her side

"Come with me awhile, can you not, Caro lyn?" he eagerly ,whispered. "It is a mad mockery to me, this phantasmagoria" of lights, flowers, and nodding and bobbing puppets, forever interposing between you and me. Surely we may be entitled to a quarter of an hour's emancipation from the hackles of less convenances. She smiled and, humoring his fancy, put

"Where will you take me? There are lights and people everywhere."
He looked down upon her smiling.

"The moon's rays only have a right to be where our moon-flower is opening its blos-sons. Dunbrek had had less an artist's eye had he failed to see the peculiar fitness of that alcove for the sly charms of that lunar plant."

She moved at his side, roseate and palpi tant. So this explained the diplomacy he had used in inducing the old gardener to move some of his choicest plants from the retired alcove to give place to the heavily foliaged plant sent up from Sartini's. He had meant that only the moonbeams should be there before herself and him to see the faint pink blossoms open their hearts of perfume. Much of the conservatory was in a blaze of light, as the balance of the house was; but, by a detour, Darby succeeding in introducing himself and bride into the alcove unseen. In this transverse section, where the fern mounds ended, they found, as anticipated, their seclusion invaded only by the half-light from the outer conservatory and the splendor of the moonlight that was flooding the new plant. They bent together over their floral treasure. The bride uttered a little cry of delight.

"See, Phil, it has five or six blossoms or t already and there are other buds opening. Did you ever see any thing lovelier! "Yes," he answered with gravity, "yes, my Carolyn, I have seen something love

She bowed her veiled head lower over the

pretty flowers. A strong arm was passed about the slender figure. "O, my beloved!" was whispered in her these blossoms are but insensate things at best; don't waste your caresses upon them. I am consumed of envy of my

wn gift to you." She was yielding to his touch, expanding into new beauty as the plant was doing in the embrace of the moon's rays. Out from the shadows of a fern mound, to one side of the absorbed lovers, a face,

livid, sharpened, contorted, glanced for a second. The bride's veil caught in the calyx of one of the half-opened buds. The moon-plant shivered through all its foliage. One of its stems snapped sharply, and Carolyn drew back with one of the buds entangled in the mesh of her veil.
"Ah, the pity of it!" she cried, taking the

despoiled bud into her jeweled fingers and gazing upon it regretfully.

So intent was she looking at the broken flower, and so intent was he gazing at her in her wistful beauty that neither of them saw what the pair of staring eyes, shadowed by the fern fronds, caught a glimpse of-the hideous, many-legged beast that had darted forth from the foliage of the shaken plant. Alert upon one of the broad leaves it stood until the quivering foliage settled into stiliness then it crouched, wait

"Ah! Phil," murmured the bride, he eyes dewy and her voice tremulous, "what if we should find our wedded happiness to be no more than this moon-flower; lovely to look upon, but to be broken by the first rough usage. See! I can not make even this small bud attach itself again where it may

gather life and beauty anew." She bent forward, making a pretty pre-tense of reuniting the plant and its severed blossom; but instantly she started back making a vain effort to suppress the exclathe stillness of the conservatory. Her cry was shrilly echoed on the instant from the dump of ferns close by, which, violently agitated, gave sudden egress to the figure

of a man. It was Bardinelli, late master in music to Carolyn. It was to the side of his former pupil he now darted. Darby was still clasping her in his arms and was question-ing her in an agony of apprehension, while she, nervously agitated, was using her womanly arts to reassure him.

"It a nothing, Phil—a mere scratch—a sting. A great spider, I think. The crea-ture nipped me and leaped away before I could well see what it was. Ah! Sig. Bardinelli, is it you! O, Phil—what——''
Pale and terrified she lay in the arms of her husband, who, livid as death, only held her closely, making no effort to restrain the

Italian, who had without ceremony seized upon the bride's hand, upon one finger of which was appearing a faint like of discoloration marking the course of the enven omed sting she had received. The one word spoken as he applied his lips in suction to the wound had sent a deadly chill to the bridegroom's heart.

"Tarantula!" No other word was spoken. Darby knew what meant the drop or two of greenish, viscous liquid which the Italian once or twice ejected from his lips, each time re-turning in mad haste to his task of peril. Darby's bride knew, too, what signified Bardinelli's desperate earnestness, as well as she comprehended the threatening of danger herself in the vertigo and shivering already creeping over her. But neither of these thought of the risk Bardinelli was hazarding: Bardinelli himself did not give a thought to the matter till the possible rea thought to the matter till the possible results of the daring came to him in a flash of consciousness. An eager glance, convincing him of the fact that the poison was being abated in the veins of his whilom pupil revealed to him, besides, a fleck of blood close to the puncture in the dainty hand over which he had been gloating. The blood, he knew, was from a wound in his own lip. His strongteeth had nearly met through it as he lay in hiding there beyond the fern mound.

as he lay in hiding there beyond the forn mound.

But the virus that was creeping from her veins into his was as the wine of life to him in comparison with the venom of jealousy that had maddened him as he lay there watching the wedded lovers reveling in their stolen biles.

"It is done," he said, presently, lifting a flushed face from his odd work. "There remains, Sig. Darby, but the drop of poison

taken up by the blood before I could get to

"The drop or two taken up by the blood! Heaven of mercy, is there no antidote!"
"There is one, but that may be impossible." "Speak, man! there must be no impossible

"There shall be no impossible, signor, if Bardinelli's strength faint not," the Italian quietly said; "for tarantism, in my land, there are the tarantella dances." "I know-I remember," cried Darby. "It

s music, music she must have; and youvou Bardinelli---"I know the music-yes. When the poison works in her brain and nerves she will move; and I-I will play the death dance for her. Come, Sig. Darby, let me carry her; I can best place her so that the faintest notes may

stir her numbed senses." Half frantic with agony Darby made no protest, but yielded her to the Italian. Was not the priceless life at his mercy! Had he asked for the heart in his bosom he would ot have wished to say him nay. Fragile of ouild though he was, Bardinelli caught up the lovely burden surrendered to him and bore her, with the strength and speed of an thlete, back to the glare and languorous

perfumes of the ball room.
"Her life is mine, her life is mine!" he muttered, in his half delirious joy, as he felt the pulsations of his heart answering to the wild throbbing of the poison-charged arte-

ries of his breast. Awe-stricken the wedding revelers cleared the floor of the dance-hall. There were rapid questionings and agitated re-plies, there were groans here and there and sobs half repressed. Then there was a silence as of the sepulcher in the garish house. Through this silence stole the first weird notes of Bardinelli's Dance of Death. No one looked at the musician; every eye was fastened on the bride. She lay upon

the wine-velvet of the divan, white

rigid; about her trailed the satin and lace nd orange flowers of her bridal attire. Bardinelli's violin was giving forth quick er strains. So fantastic were the chords, now plaintive and imploring, now full of a mad energy, anon dropping into fathomless depths of pathos, it seemed as though the player were improvising the airs, telling to the still figure upon the couch the tale of life noble in its dreams and aspirations tragic in its failures. Yet through the wondrous harmony dropped ever, clear and pure as a shower of pearls, the notes of the

rhythmic tarantelia waltz. The call to movement reached the locked senses of the dreamer. She moved; she arose to her feet; she glided over the floor. Her movements were as rhythmic as were the strains of Bardinelli's violin; they were those of the Graces. Her face was the frozen one of the doomed Iphigenia. melody wrought like magic. The wedding guests swayed hither and thither in grotesque mimicry of the dream dancer upon the polished floor. The breeze of the night wafted the mystical strains out through the open casements, and bore them past wondering wayfarers upward to the empyrean to sweep the confines of other realms of

mystery.

Bardinelli was lending all the cunning of his hand to rouse the suspended faculties of his beloved pupil. The heavy lids vailing her vision were slowly raised; surrounding objects were once more photographed upor the retina of the eye; the tinge of life was returning to lip and cheek; her movements had less of grace and more of energy. It were as though the shackles of flesh were being again riveted upon the free move-ment of the spirit. The statue had waked to life, though another than Pygmalion should reap the kisses of those divinely

parted lips.

Louder and louder swelled the waltz melodies of the forgotten music. One who casually glanced toward him saw that he was contorted, and that the veins in his forehead were purple cords, tensely drawn. So might have looked the Lacoon wrestling in the folds of the sea-monster.

Not the less surely, however, was the mater hand informed of the genius of a deathless will, and the observer, unknowing turned again to mark the effects of his power upon her, who, like Eurydice, was being lured back from the world of mystery and shadowed by his Orphic enchantments. Suddenly she stood still. The throng of breath would not have stirred the down of a thistle puff. Her white bosom rose and fell. The orange-blossoms looping her corsage trembled like sentient creatures filled with a passion of joy in her living warmth and loveliness. Her eyes roved anxiously over the expectant assemblage She was looking for some one. For whom She smiled a dazzling smile of recognition and joyously stretched forth her arms. Her

into his embrace. For the first time there was a discord in the music. No one noticed it. There was break, a pause, then a crash of chords,

then silence "It was you who drew me back am the living, Phil," murmured the bride, at rest on the heart of her husband. "Not the pands of death could hold me from you yet dear. It was the yearning of my spirit tha spoke to you through the music of Bardi-nelli's violin."

"Then, O my beloved!" he answered i the abnegation of a humble gratitude, "it is to Bardinelli I owe the debt I may never "To Bardinelli!"

She turned in her gracious beauty and noved toward the place of the musician. He did not rise to meet her. He was sit averted as from a sigh distressing to him His violin had slipped from his grasp an was resting against his knee, two of its strings broken and snarled. She laid upon his shoulder the hand from which he had extracted the venom of the tarantula.

"Bardinelli!" Her voice had never before appealed to him in vain. Now he gave it no heed. She bent over him, her bridal vail blending with the long hair floating over his shoulders. Her gentle clasp closed upon the fingers still holding the taut bow. Then a passion ate cry broke from her lips and she turned

"He is dead! He has given his life for nine, Phil."-Southern Birouac.

Saved by a Horse.

A gentleman in Massachusetts once told me the following story; and the style of the man should be mentioned tall and muscular, of manly, almost of the Pharaohs of Egypt. noble presence. He said: "I once owed my life to the good will of a horse, and it was thus: I was farming in Vermont. It was winter; the ground was covered with deep snow. That snow was coated with a hard, sharp crust. I was driving in a sleigh a pair of horses. At a place in the road, where but a single track had been broken, and where to turn out into the cutting icy crust would give pain to horse and trouble to man, I met an old couple driving a single horse in a cutter. tried to turn my horses out into the crust. They would not turn out. I jumped out and took them by the bits to compel them. One of them sprang upon me, threw me down in the deep snow and knelt on my breast. I was helpless; I could not stir. I thought my end had come, when my other horse seized her mate by the cheek with her teeth, pulled him off from me and held him till I got up and was safe. Then with voice and movement she showed joy and delight as plainly as ever did man or woman."—Swiss Cross.

-Make up and turn over the compost

GOLD-FACED DEAD MEN.

Banishing Grave-Yards by the Adoption of the Electro-Plating Process. An ingenious Philadelphian has devised a process for the preservation of bodies which will cause a blush of envy and mortification to mantle the wrinkled cheek of the most ancient mummy the tombs of Egypt can produce. By this new method future generations may have the pleasure of gazing upon their ancestry in a close semblance of their natural form, with shape and outline carefully preserved and the whole body beautified beyond the utmost possibilities of nature. No more will departed friends and relatives be treasured up as bundles of rags and bones or as pinches of ashes in cinerary urns, but in the full form and size of their ante-mortem existence. The means by which this wonderful transformation is to be accomplished is but a new application of an old principle long in use in mechania arts. It is simply the old and familiar process of electro-plating, which furnishes modern households with so many articles of ornament and utility.

The method of its application in the preservation of bodies is as follows: The corpse is first thoroughly washed with alcohol, or with a solution of caustic potash followed by very dilute nitric acid, in order to cleanse the body and remove all traces of oily or greasy exudations. Then the entire surface of the body, from which all hair must be entirely removed, is dusted over with finely powdered plumbago, care being taken to cover every portion of the surface. As the purpose of the plumbago is to furnish a conducting surface, any uncovered spot upon the corpse would cause a break in the plating. The Africanized remnant of humanity is then immersed in a bath of metallic solution containing a lump of the metal with which it is desired to coat the body. To the piece of metal is attached the positive pole of a strong galvanic battery or a powerful dynamo-electric machine, and the negative pole is connected with the body. The action of the powerful current of electricity immediately commences, covering the body with a fine film of metal, which is deposited evenly over the entire surface. As long as the electrical current is uninterrupted the deposit of the metal confinues, and the coating may thus be made of any desired thickness. In a length of time proportioned to the strength of the electrical current the entire body may be enveloped in a metallic shroud an eighth or a quarter of an inch in thickness, or even more if desired. By this impervious coat the remains are thus perfectly protected from decay, and may be preserved for an indefinite number of years.

Outside of its advantages as a method of preserving remains this process has great commercial and artistic value. The morgues of the various large cities would furnish an ample supply of material which might easily be worked up into nickel-plated dummies for use by clothiers and dry goods merchants in displaying garments and dress goods. With limbs and body arranged in graceful postures, an unclaimed body could readily be transformed into a valuable work of art. Dying gladiators, wrestlers and Greek and Roman figures could be reproduced in unlimited numbers. Thus the unknown suicide and bodies fashionable parlors instead of being cut

and sawed asunder by the ambitious medical student. One can readily imagine the feelings of pride with which the man of a hundred years hence would lead his visitor ancestry, beautifully polished and natof to-day. In those days the underplater, and instead of a roomful of simply exhibit a few pieces of polished metal and inquire of his customer: "How would you like to have the deceased finished—in copper, nickel, silver

or gold?" To the man of the future who has taste for art and antiques this process offers great possibilities. Ancestors plated with silver or nickel would be far more artistic ornaments than the rusty and ancient suits of armor which are so highly prized in these days. Armed with lance and shield a grandfather thus prepared would furnish a valuable addition to any collection of antiques and brie-a-brae. Beautiful effects could be produced by plating bodies with copper, which by atmospheric action soon assumes the appearance of a beautiful bronze. By the use of plush or velvet these bronzes could easily be mounted after the fashion of to-day. A copper-covered relative, well finished and polished, might be exhibited as an excellent specimen of repousse work. The use of gold would produce a piece of preserved pedigree more valuable, more novel and far more beautiful than the famous gold-faced mumas part of the scene. The narrator was omies which contain all that was mortal

These are but a few examples of what may be done by this new preservative process, which is capable of development to an unlimited extent.—Philadel-

phia Record.

"I know a man," remarked a gentle

man this morning, "who is so conseientious that, after starting in the spice business at considerable expense, he sold out at a loss rather than continue a manufacturing concern that could only be made profitable by adulterating the manufactures and selling impure goods. There is more adulteration in spices, he told me, than in any thing else, and the making of the adulterating agents is also a business in itself. Why it has not been long since there was a mill over in Camden where fruit-importing firms here, and those that manufactured prepared cocoanut, sent their cocoanut shells, which were then ground into powder and used for adul-teration. I believe the method is to find out what you can get for your spices and then adulterate them so you can make a profit at the figures named. The strength and pungency of the spice are usually made to correspond with its price."—Philadelphia Bulletin.

PRECIOUS AMBERGRIS.

Costly Walf of the Sea Occasionally Found Floating on the Water. Two sailors entered a wholesale drug story on lower Nassau street, the other

day, carrying with them a parcel which

they handled as carefully as a young

mother fondles her infant. They thought they had a piece of ambergris, which is a very costly substance usually found in the belly of a dyspeptic whale They were confident they had something worth about \$20,000, but upon examination, unfortunately, it was found to be only hardened tallow mixed with dirt and salt-about as valuable as a chattel mortgage on a flock of pigeons. The Captain could not believe in the expert's judgment, and went out, still clutching his long-guarded treas ure and expressing his dissatisfaction with a liberal use of profanity. Similar mistakes to the one already described are often made in this city. The proprietor of the store spoke of the history and uses of ambergris as follows: "Nearly every one is constantly using

ambergris. It is every day in the hands of ladies and gentlemen throughout the world, but comparatively few people know any thing about it. Its origin is lisputed. Even scientists do not agree mon its true source: and, although it enters all houses where civilization reaches and an immensely profitable trade in the commodity is carried on, nine out of ten people whom you meet would not know what you meant if you mentioned its name. It is a slate-like substance, varying in color from dark to light gray, the darker shades, which are also denser in fiber, being the most valuable. A piece weighing from twenty to thirty-five pounds is seen but once in a life-time. The most of it handled by dealers is made up of pieces only a few ounces in weight. It is worth to-day about \$24 per ounce, and during the last few years has sold as high as \$40 per ounce in consequence of its scarcity, Finding a piece of it is like finding a \$5 note. You are as likely, or unlikely, to find it in one place as in another. There are several theories as to its origin, the generally-accepted one being that it is an accumulation of secreted and indigestible matter in the stomach of a sick whale. It is found all over the globe at rare intervals by seafaring men, either floating on the water, cast up on some shore or lodged inside the whale. The greatest source of supply is the Arctic ocean, and also the south ern latitudes, the usual cruising ground of whaling vessels. The commanders are always on the lookout for it, as among the superstitions of the sea it is considered an omen of good luck for the ship ever afterward when her master brings home a piece of ambergris. He is always allowed a portion of the profits. You could put a piece worth \$10,000 in your overcoat pocket, and from this you can understand how the toilers of the ocean never cease their vigilance in hunting for it.

"The fact that it is the most efficient known substance in producing the lasting quality in perfumery, gives it itenormous commercial value. Civet and musk are used for the same purpose but are not so powerful. When a perfume is made, white rose, cassia or heliotrope, for example, the odor of the fished from ponds and rivers could find flowers would quickly pass away, as final resting places in art museums or the spirits forming the body of the liquid evaporate. Ambergris, however prevents this, and is the indispensable boon that holds back the scent for day: and weeks upon the handkerchief When treated with alcohol it divide itself up into an almost infinite into his mortuary chamber and point number of fine particles, which out each member of his silver-plated are mixed in the perfumery and remain on the fabric after the spirits urally grouped about the room. There have evaporated, acting as minute reserwould be in those days no need for an voirs and holding the pure essence of expensive burial lot in a fashionable flower after the cloth is perfectly dry. cemetery, and there would be no use One ounce dissolved in a gallon of alco for the costly and ostentations funeral hol will make a strong tineture, and you would be required to use only a taker would simply be an expert electro- single ounce of this tineture in a gallon of perfumery; which conveys an idea of sample coffins and caskets he would how far a few ounces of ambergris will go. Its production is limited to a few pounds per year, whereas it is the most important factor in the manufacture of millions of gallons of perfumery. When a large piece is found the news of the discovery is telegraphed to dealers and the markets of the world are affected. In one instance a New York firm, some years ago, bought up a large portion of the existing supply, and realized large ly on the corner thus produced. Boston is the most influential center, as New Bedford, near at hand, sends out more whaling ships than any other city of any country. The owners of the ships sell the ambergris to the whole sale dealers, and although all large drug stores keep a little on hand, it is bought directly from the wholesale men by the perfumery manufacturers."-N. Y. Mail and Express.

Lightning Rod Protection.

Herr Schiller, a well-known German architect, reports some facts which are of interest as indicating the radius of show humility; that she wants to excite the circle of protection of good lightning rods. On June 17 last, at the village of of all selfish and other personal con-Mottingen, lightning struck a pear tree 33 feet high. On one side, 155 feet dress in that manner altogether to away, was a school-house, with a rod 56 feet high. On the other side was a church, 328 feet away, and having lightning rod reaching up 154 feet. Both rods are well placed, and had worked well when tested, and the level of the foot of the tree is about the same as that of the two buildings. It is evident, then, if the facts have been accurately reported, that the radius of the twice the height of the rod .- N. Y

—Evaporated Apples and Raisins To half a pound of evaporated apples, put a pound of raisins. Both must be washed and drained and the raisins carefully picked over and stemmed. Cover with warm water and soak over night, or six hours. Stew gently, frequently stirring, till the apple is thoroughly cooked, and sweeten slightly. This makes a delicious dish and one easil* digested .- Good Housekeeping.

-The wasp is a paper-maker, and he makes his paper out of materials that VULGAR ROWDIES.

A Class of Wretches Who Infest the Street; of Every City and Town.

It is generally conceded that the abolition of that venerable institution, the pillory, to say nothing of the whipping post, was in its time a wise and humane measure. To put a man or woman, who had been guilty only of a trivial crime, up into a frame before a mob. there to be pelted with eggs or otherwise insulted, was a most intolerable and inhuman punishment.

Yet really, when we come to read our police reports of the present day, we begin to think the best of rules may have its exceptions, and that possibly the pillory itself might almost be revived to advantage, since nothing else seems to check some of the outrages which go on in our large cities. Be it borne in mind that in the days of our ancestors no such vice as rowdyism, and no such wretches as rowdies or "bummers" were known. Search through Hogarth and you will find no creature so vile, so repulsive as a regular hoodlum; a being which the law would seem excusable in punishing in any way, or in crushing out of existence almost without much formula.

Take one of them as he stands at his corner, a villainous, blaspheming, obscene, murderous beast as he is, without an ambitious idea above a fight, without an exertion of intellect above defying the law in some violent or sneaking manner. "I kin maul you," is his only reply to an argument, the reply which every animal makes after its manner to all which displeases it.

Every day or two we read how a being of this description, a mere social Yahoo, amused himself in a bar-room by assaulting the tavern keeper, by stabbing and shooting and throwing decanters. Anon, a party of them, seldom a single one, assault some respectable citizen, "just for fun." The last century had its Mahoes among the dissipated aristocracy, but it had no generally spread element of rowdyism among boys and young men, who gave themselves up to an unutterably degraded condition, not of robbery, but of intolerable and infamous insult and outrage.

There is another and higher class of rowdy than this, to whom the attention of the police should be far more strictly turned than it has been, and for whom pillorying would not be by any means too good. We refer to a class of dissipated, flashy idlers, fast men, who lounge at the mouths of drinking saloons, stopping the sidewalks, or who welk about, staring with all the insolence peculiar to vulgarity and ignorance at passers, and particularly at ladies. Some of them are gamblers, some gamblers' victims, some the hangers-on of low places of amusement, and a few young men not without means, but of incurable debased tastes. They are all a part of the great rowdy family, all live in coarse debauchery, and are all intolerable nuis-

It would be well if rowdvism, or the leading a riotous life offensive to order and decency, could be established as a crime and punished as suck. Very little is done towards rendering it revolting, or towards stigmatizing it as such. Of late years its characteristics have, however, been manifested so frequently in men occupying high staion that we fancy there may reason for this. So long as men of education can be found half taking a silly, national pride in being regarded as bowie-knifing, fire-eating characters, the rowdy will have plenty of social excuse. - Boston Budget.

CHURCH-GOING ATTIRE.

When Attending Divine Worship. Costly and showy dressing is not becoming to church-goers. Aside from the unseeming vanity it suggests, and which does not accord with the spirit of worship, it not only tends to distract the attention of others, but to excite feelings of envy and emulation under circumstances the most criminal and cruel. Indulgence in costly attire and novelty of style are not generally prompted by mere taste, but to minister to pride by securing admiration or to provoke invidious comparisons. To a greater or less extent all gay and extravagant dressing is prompted by one or the other of these personal considerations. To indulge such feelings under any circumstances is a manifest impropriety, but to do so in connection with religious services is shockingly sinful. The Graphic sharply rebukes the prevailing fashion of showy church toilets in these words: Why dress for church in garments socostly and of such variety that they must necessarily attract attention? The place is not adapted to such displays, They distract attention from church purposes. It is too much to say of any lady that she seeks attention to the sacrifice of that which should be devoted to book, or sermon, or prayer; that she airs her vanity when she should most envy when the heart should be empty siderations, but, surely, she does not please herself, and it is just possible that she takes to herself a somewhat irreligious satisfaction on making the discovery that no other lady has her costliness of plumage and her superior-

ity of display." There is another consideration that ought to restrain the well-to-do and the wealthy from indulging in showy church-going attire. We refer to its circle of protection is not more than tendency to discourage those who are not able to deck themselves in costly garments from attending upon religious services. They do not wish to be conspicuous for cheapness of apparel any more than a properly sensitive woman would wish to be conspicuous for the luxury carried on her back. These women can not attend church without something of a sacrifice of perfectly proper pride, whereas if plain dress were the rule at church they would be as much at ease at church as if there were no thought of dress in any place in which it does not belong.

Assuming the correctness of these riews, it is clearly the duty of all Christian women to dress with simplicity for church services so as to make no marked no other paper-maker would use. It ever you should examine a wasp's nest you will find it all made of paper. SCIENCE AND INDUSTRY.

-The late industrial development in the South is something wonderful.-

Farmers' Review. -There are 3,000 men employed in drift-mining in California, and the prod;

uct is \$5,000,000 a year. -A machine has been invented that prints the sides and ends of boxes at the same time at the rate of 2,500 per hour.

-A Chub lock exhibited showed that a variation of only the two-hundredth part of an inch in one of the steps of the key was sufficient to render the key useless. - Boston Budget. -The oxide of iron is one of the most

adhesive cements for iron. With this a joint can be made so perfect that the iron will break before the cement will part. It is mixed with sulphur and sal-ammoniac moistened with water. -In certain Austrian coal mines work is suspended in dangerous places during a fall of the barometer, experiments still in progress having shown

that the quantity and intensity of ex-

plosive gases greatly increase as the degree of atmospheric pressure diminishes. -By an improved process, in which a compound prepared by coking iron and pitch together is used as the reducing agent, an English chemist claims to be able to lower the cost of metallic sodium to about thirty cents a pound

when produced on a large scale. -A scientific novelty is a lens which magnifies, yet is perfectly flat on both sides. It is made at Jena by the manufacturers of Prof. Abbe's new optical glass. The lens consists of a single disc whose density varies so that its refractive power decreases regularly from the surface inward.

-Among the reported discoveries for the prevention of rables is that of Dr. Fernandez, of Barcelona, who claims that a dog that has been bitten by a viper never has rabies, and can not become rabid when inoculated. He has inoculated dogs with viper's poison, and he holds that under no circumstances will they ever become rabid.

-New Orleans is sharing largely in the manufacturing boom which is now spreading over the South. In one number of a Southern paper a boot and shoe factory, a wire-works factory, a factory for the extraction of turpentine from pine-knots, three tobacco factories, and a glycerine and stearine factory are mentioned as having been either started or projected in New Orleans, besides a company for a line of steamers to run to Columbus, Ga.

-A writer in a Canadian paper, speaking of the possibilities of pulp as substitute for lumber in the manufacture of furniture and other articles, now exclusively made of wood, calls attention to the resources afforded by Northern Canada for the best pulpmaking woods. It is found that in some localities the forests are now at the best age for pulping purposes, and capable of yielding from forty to 120 cords per acre, if the whole of the timber were utilized. By mixing the pulp with clays, stealite, asbestos, plumbago, mica, etc., substances of every possible color and compactness may be produced.

PUNGENT PARAGRAPHS.

-Job was the most patient man of his day, but he lived before editors became fashionable. - Whitehall Times.

-The only thing that can get over the ground at a livelier rate of speed than an electrical current is slander .-Whitehall Times.

-We can speak of a small boy without being guilty of tautology, but it sounds odd to hear the expression "a female girl. - Norristown Herald.

-Some men seem to be fond of hugging delusions, and it may be that they got in the habit because girls are such delusive creatures .- Journal of Educa-

-The Way of It .-John and Ida married lived In Idaho, forlorn, 'Cause John hung round the tavern And let Idaho the corn

-A Sad Case. - Husband - "You knew Miss Smith, did you not?" Wife -"Yes." Husband-"Well, she has lost her good name." Wife-"Heavens, John! You don't tell me!" Husband -"Yes; she has married a Smythe." -Belmont, Ga., boasts of a woman

band must be hatchet-faced, and has at some time been a drummer.-New Haven News. -Johnson-"How are you, old man." Thompson-"I'm sick." "Indeed. Well, if it wasn't for that you'd feel just as good as any one. Why; you haven't so

"who goes out and chops wood with her husband." We suppose the hus-

much to complain of, after all."-Pittsburgh Dispatch. -"As regards art and that sort of thing, Miss Breezy," he remarked to a Chicago young lady, "St. Louis and Chicago rank about equal, do they not?" "O, my, no!" she replied promptly;

"when it comes to the artistic, Chicago cuts the much wider swath."—Puck. -A little boy's composition on cats winds up with this reference to their advantage over dogs: "Cats can clime trees. Dogs kan't. That is lucky for cats. When a dog gets after them they can clime a tree, where they can sass

back without gittin hert." -"Give an example of an immovable obstacle," said the teacher. And the smart bad boy at the foot of the class suggested three girls on the sidewalk. The teacher, who usually had to walk in the middle of the street herself, sent him right up to the head of the class and told him to stay there for a week .- Burdette.

—An explanation.—Mrs. De Boggs— Have you heard how Mrs. De Peyster -she that was Sallie Van Cott-has received the degree of A. M. from Wellesley?" Mrs. Wayback—"No; I haven't heard. What does A. M. mean?" Mrs. De Boggs-"Why, it stands for alma mater, of course. Didn't you know she had two children?"

-Father (to family physician)-"Isn't George Sampson a relative of yours, doctor?" Family Physician-'Yes, he is a nephew." Father-"He wants my daughter Clara, but I gave him to understand that she wouldn't get any of my money until after my death." Family Physician—"That was right. George was asking about your